### A THANKFUL SONG.

I'm thankful for "Jo," an' I'm thankful For all the bright heavens that over us For the love that the kisses of little ones mean-For the night an' the light o' the

mornin'! I'm thankful the round world, though weary an' wide-With the strifes on the land an' the storms on the tide, Has still a sweet shelter where Love's at

In the night an' the light o' the mornin'! For the years that are past, for the years that may be-For the stars on the land and the stars on the sea,-

And the home-lights that shine in the darkness for me-For the joy o' the night an' the -F. L. Stanton.

## BLACK AND WHITE

Jennings Barbour Perry.

Yes, Josephine was beautiful. There was no denying it. She was beautiful at any time, but when washing dishes she was at her best. As she stood at the sink in her dark-blue cotton apron, the clouds of steam circling around her she might have been an African princess engaged in mysterious rites. Her hair, its fatal kink loosened by the steam, lay in soft damp rings on her head; her black features were outlined against the frosty window with a fine cameo-like effect.

Dish-washing was the one housewifely art I had been able to teach Josephine successfully. Even Aunt Tilda was obliged to acknowledge her faultless in it. With the water scalding hot and covered with a soft white suds, she deftly twirled each dish at the end of a long mop and lifted it steaming and shining without so much as the tips of her slender fingers having touched the hot water. I knew that it was dangerous to interrupt her, but the temptation was irresistible. I had been keeping house only five months. I had not learned that it was far more important that the housework should be done in an orderly fashion than that I should be entertained by Josephine's remarks.

Besides there was the ever present sense that Aunt Tilda might at any moment open the door and find me hobnobbing with my dusky maid, and, like any child, I was possessed with a desire to do the thing I knew she would disapprove of. So, as I sat at the table stoning raisins, I began. "Josephine, how many brothers and

sisters have you?" Josephine, in the act of dipping hot water from the boiler, stopped with her dipper suspended over the edge. "Lem me see"-said she reflectively-"there's Sam, he's dead, and there's Inez, she's a-living; and there's Dell, she's a-living; and there's Jo, my twin, he's dead; and there's me, I'm a-living; and there's Moses, he's a-living." "How many are there, then, Joseph-

"That's all; just what I told you,"

she replied briefly. Never could Josephine be made to admit that she could not count. Each day for the last year she had been sent to the public school. But as yet she had brought away only scraps of knowledge. Although 13 years old, she had been placed in the primary room and there she seemed likely to

remain until Providence should termi-

nate her academic career. I was thinking of this and of the probability that she would be "late to school" if I interrupted her again, when suddenly she broke out in a shrill yell of delight. She lifted the wet mop and cleared a larger place on the frosty window pane. "Oh, Miss Annie, there's Miss Tilda a-chasing that ar big long-legged rooster. Hiyi! There he goes!" she exclaimed, fairly jumping up and down with ex-

"Josephine, you will certainly be late to school if you stop any longer." I retired hastily to the pantry with my bowl of raisins. There I was at least able to conceal my interest in the chase though I could not shut out certain snorts and exclamations from Josephine, who continued her watch at the

try door. "Golly, she's got him!" "Josephine!"

Suddenly she appeared at the pan-

"'Scuse me, Miss Annie, I forgotbut ain't that just like her?" she said in a tone of fatality, retiring to her dish-washing.

It was, indeed, "just like her." Aunt Tilda was John's aunt. I loved John so well that I had though nothing of giving up a beautiful city home for a very ordinary one in a country town, because John refused to be in any way dependent on his father-in-law. But John's aunt was not John.

John had said to me, "I am sorry, Annie, but Aunt Tilda must make her home with us for a while. I cannot afford to set her up in housekeeping by herself, and I don't want her to go on teaching schol any longer." For John's sake I would have lived with Xantippe. So I acquiesced in the arrangement that made Aunt Tilda a member of our hou\_ehold.

Peeping through the blinds, I could see her now as she made her way from the henhouse. Her long, scant skirts, twisted about by the wind, emphasized her peculiar walk, which Josephine had once aptly and irreverently characterized as "nippy-tippy." Aunt was tall and spare, with arms and legs very long in proportion to her body. As she habitually carried her hands clasped one over the other just above the waist line and her elbows close at her sides, she was obliged to raise the shoulders to make room for the extra length of upper arm. This combined with a natural inclination to stoop gave her something of a Uriah Heep attitude, which was, however, counteracted by her thin, keen face, where conscious rectitude of purpose mingled with a look of critical acumen. Even now, as she battled with the unseemly wind, her face retained its look of unimpeachable serenity. Yet there was an indescribable something in her air which warned me that trouble was

brewing for somebody. I began hastily sifting flour, determined to meet the storm well fortified by a previous occupation. The kitchen door opened and shut with a click. "Anna!" The voice was heavy and reproachful. "I should like to see

you when you are at liberty." "Yes, Aunt Tilda, as soon as I finish this cake," I replied briskly, though often, "when I was at liberty," had I been summoned to Aunt Tilda's presence, not to dread the coming inter-

At last the cake was mixed and in the oven. Josephine had departed for school. I was alone in the quiet kitchen, except for Tabby, purrying contentedly by the stove. The sunstreamed in at the south windows, sending long shadows of the thrify geraniums across the scoured pine floor. It was a cheerful room, and it looked unusually attractive to me as I turned my back

on it to go to Aunt Tida. I found her, seated by the window, sewing on a shirt of John. She was just biting off a nedleful of thread as I entered. "Sit down, Anna," she said, her teeth closing more firmly over the thread. She nodded her head mournfully once or twice over her sewing and then began. "Anna, I want to speak to you about Jesephine. That girl certainly gets worse and worse every day. This morning I distinctly saw her laughing at me as I was looking after the pouliry. She ought to be taught better manners."

"Oh, Aunt Tilda, you know Josephine is so foolish. She laughts at every-

thing." "Of course," went on Aunt Tilda, as if she had not heard me, "I know that it is not an easy thing to do, but if you hold her right up to it, you can do it. I have seen worse girls than she s completely subdued. Why, at Madame Corson's, where I taught in Baltimore, we had girls who would giggle constantly, constantly. But we were firm with them, and gave them ten lines of poetry to learn for each offense, and they were soon cured. It only needs firmness. Just hold them right up to it-um-m-m." She ended with a curious little gurgle in her throat, a sound not to be described on paper. It contained mingled self-ap-

proval and humility. "Aunt Tilda," said I desperately as I saw her nodding her head preparatory to another exhortation, "I am afraid my cake will burn if I stay any Josephine some other time," and with a culprit. haste I made my escape.

I groaned in spirit as I opened the oven door and peeped in at the cake. It was soft and light and beginning to brown-just what cake should be, in fact. So simple a thing was sufficient to raise my spirits; and as I took the broom from its nail and prepared for the week's sweeping, Aunt Tilda and her peculiarities were far from my thoughts. Only deep down in my mind was a worthy resolve to keep Josephine's misdemeanors from Aunt Tilda's knowledge.

But fate was against me: I was little to myself at the thought of John's dignity at the head of his own table, when Aunt Tilda's voice sounded down the back stairs:

"Anna!" "Yes. Aunt Tilda." I laid down the duster with a sigh, and went to the foot of the stairs. What had Josephine done now?

"Will you come up here?" said Aunt Tilda, peering over the banisters, only a shocked countenance visible. "What do you think of that?" she demanded dramatically, waving her

hand toward the open door of Josephine's room. On the floor lay a large black valise, its contents spread out to view-one of Josephine's petticoats, a soup-ladle, and a mince pie. I looked at Aunt Tilda. Her eyes

were fixed mournfully on the incogruous assortment in the bag. The sight was too much for me. "Anna," said Aunt Tilda solemnly, "I see nothing amusing about it. At Mrs. Grahame's, in Philadelphia, servants

were often discharged for less offences than this. Why she evidently stole that pie!" "I am afraid she did, Aunt Tilda.

I will call her to account for it when she comes home. I only hope I shall be able to keep my face straight when she explains how it came into her pos-

Without another word Aunt Tilda wheeled about and left the room, disgust too deep for words in her very back. Her departure took away half the

fun of the situation. The bag with its ill-assorted contents remained staring me in the face. What should I do with the child? She was absolutely without moral sense. Aunt Tilda had receipts without number for developing unimpeachable integrity. But I shook my head after her own sceptical fashion as I thought of trying them on Josephine. No she could be reached only through her emotions. She was quick to imitate, too-perhaps an atmosphere of truthfulness might in

time develop a dormant sense of honesty. If only Aunt Tilda would be out of the way when she came home from school, I might perhaps make a little impression on her. But Aunt Tilda was in the kitchen smoothing some laces when I heard the back gate slam and saw Josephine coming up the walk. My heart sank.

The mere sight of Aunt Tilda always put her into a state of smouldering insubordination. "Josephine," said I, as she passed quickly through the kitchen. "Don't go upstairs to take off your things; just lay them in the back pantry, and

then see that the table is laid for lunch. It is late." "There, Miss Annie," said Josephine, in an aggrieved tone, beginning slowly to draw off her jacket, "I just know-

ed you'd find me out. I can't never do anything without you do." "Why, Josephine, what ma wear your best waist to school?" I asked in surprise.

"I just knowed you'd find it out," she repeated in a tone of fatalism. "You see it was just this way, Miss | ine was busy in the kitchen, and from Annie." The pathetic black eyes were fixed trustingly on my face. "The sleeves to that other waist is too short. I grow so pow'ful fast, and them chil'un call me:

> Niggy, niggy my, Shorty sleeve and Shiny eye;

so I thought I'd just wear this one." "Well, don't stop now. Hurry about

the lunch." I had glanced at Aunt Tilda only once during the interview. She was nodding her head mournfully, and her glance as it met mine was full of meaning. To my great relief, however, she departed with her laces before Josephine returned from the dining-

"Now, Josephine, if the table is ready, I want to see you about something up stairs."

At the door of her room, Josephine paused, looking in astonishment at the bag and its contents, which I had left spread out in the middle of the room. "Why, Miss Annie," said she reproachfully, "how'd you come to be looking over my things?"

How had I, indeed? I felt suddenly convicted of a very unladylike act. However, it would never do to betray my spirit was anything but brisk. Too | Aunt Tilda's part in the matter. I



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preferred answering her question with another. "How did those things come to be

there, Josephine?" "Well, lemme see," said she; "that petticoat I just put in there this morning when I cl'ared up my room. It looked so shiftless lying around." "But, Josephine, it should have gone

into the wash, yesterday." "Yes'm, I know; but I forgot," she said parenthetically; "and that thar soup-ladle was so black, I knowed it would distress you, so I just put it in there till I could get time to scour it up. It burned down in that bean soup we had last Friday." She spoke as one who gives sufficient explanation.

"And that pie?-lemme see-well, now, Miss Annie, there really ain't no good reason why that pie should be there," said she, shaking her head judicially, and looking sympathetically longer. You must tell me about at me as if together we had discovered

"Josephine," my tone was fittingly stern. "this is too bad."

"Yes, Miss Annie. But I might just stay from school this afternoon, and wash that petticoat and scour up that ladle, and that thar pie could be chucked in the chicken-yard." Her tone was that of one offering advice to a perplexed friend.

"No, Josephine," I returned decidely. "You can put the skirt a soak now, and wash it out when you get home from school to-night."

"All right, Miss Annie," very cheerfully. "But you'll show me how to dusting the dining-room, smiling a piece down them sleeves, won't you?" said she piously, as she gathered up the bag. "Yes, Josephine."

"I suppose it was old Miss Tilda as found the bag," she remarked in a matter-of-course tone, as she left the

Before we were married I had planned to make an ideal home for John. But such a combination as Aunt Tilda and Josephine had not entered into my calculations. I did not want to give up Josephine. She had the making of a valuable servant in her. Besides, I had grown fond of the child. If only John would see how hard it was for me to live with Aunt Tilda, and find some other home for her. He probably thought that Aunt Tilda was "almost like a mother" to me.

A few evenings later, however, something happened which led me to suspect that my husband was not so utterly stupid as I had given him credit for being.

We were at dinner. I always enjoy the dinner-hour. John was at home, at leisure for the rest of the evening. The fire burned cheerfully in the grate, and our few pieces of glass and silver sent back a hundred gleams for every ray of light. John was in an unusually happy mood. The election returns were just in. "It will be a good thing for the country to have a man for president who knows his own mind," said he cheerfully.

"Yes," assented Aunt Tilda sceptically, "if only he will hold up to it when he gets to Washington."

At this moment I looked up. Josephine, who stood directly behind Aunt Tilda's chair, was nodding her head in exact imitation. She had so altered the lines of her face that except for color, the two faces were strikingly alike. It was a dusky shadow of Aunt Tilda.

I glanced apprehensively at John. He had dropped his naphin and was stooping to reach it. Was it the ghost of a smile disappearing behind his moustache as he raised his head?

I had not time to decide. Josephine, with her usual propensity to get "found out," had placed herself directly in front of a lamp. Aunt Tilda, looking up suddenly, caught sight of the shadowed, bobbing curls on the opposite wall. "You may pass me the bread,

Josephine," she said sharply. And poor Josephine stepped meekly to the other side of the table, her face

as expressionless as a wax doll's. Just then the door bell rang vigorously, and Josephine diappeared to answer it. "It's that Durfrey man," she said shortly, taking her place behind my chair, where she could escape my re-

proving glance. "Deacon Durfey?" said John. "You go in and entertain him, Aunt Tilda, while Annie and I finish our dessert. We will be in pretty soon."

So Aunt Tilda left us, and John brought his coffee around near the fire by me, and we talked of things which were somehow never mentioned when Aunt Tilda was there. Josephthe parlor came a continuous murmur of voices. John listened with a twinkle in his eye.

"They seem to be very well entertained," he remarked dryly.

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"John I do believe you invited Deacon Durfey up here on purpose!" "Well," he admitted, "I met him

wandering along the street like a stray goat, and he looked so sort of mournful with that weed on his hat, I thought I would ask him up."

comment. I was thankful that John's reverence for his Aunt did not extend to her admirers. The idea of Deacon Durfey as a stray goat gave me such lively satisfaction. I saw him vividly, thin and pointed; his ears pointed; and An intermittent nibbling motion of the

"Annie," said John, after a time, "do you know that we ought to go into the plainly the print of a rope which had parlor? Aunt Tilda will feel hurt if | choked his life out. Blood oozed from

evening," I replied. "You go up stairs shreds. There was no rope near the and smoke, and I will go in and talk dead man but the imprints and lacerato the Deacon, and then by and by you can come down and I will excuse

So John went up stairs to his afterdinner cigar and I joined Aunt Tilda | veloped that he was waylaid by a mob and Deacon Durfey in the parlor. I of McBroom's friends, composed of found the Deacon occupying a large miners, determined upon resouing the arm-chair, sitting well to the front of prisoner and that Murray was lynched it and very straight, that his short and the body cut down and placed by legs might reach the floor.

just talking about the Sudburys and on discovering the members of the mob. how they went berrying over in Jones's pasture last summer, when they had plenty of berries in their own

"What was the matter, Deacon Durfey?" I asked innocently. "I thought that huckleberries were common property."

But that isn't the idee," he rejoined hastily. "The idee is, picking huckleberries in other folks' lot when you've got plenty in your own. It ain't right. I have just been talking with her about it, and she agrees with me," he added, jerking his thumb with an upward motion toward Aunt Tilda.

"Probably you are right, Deacon Durfey," said I, seeking to guide the conversation into safer channels. And soon he was occupied in giving us an account of a meeting which he had been "privileged to attend as a delegate" the previous week.

At intervals came curious rumbling sounds from the kitchen-rumble, rumble, ro-1-1. What could Josephine be doing? Apparently, she was moving all the kitchen furniture out of doors. At last, in the midst of the Deacon's recital, came a longer, louder rumble than usual, followed by a crash, slambang! Involuntarily, I glanced at Aunt Tilda. Her eyes were fixed meaningly on me.

"Excuse me," said I hastily; "I am afraid there has been some accident in the kitchen.'

I stopped at the foot of the stairs to call John and went on to the kitchen. Strange as had been the noises, I was not prepared for the facts. In the middle of the room stood Josephine, mounted on a pair of rollerskates, a long handled mop grasped hims in bom Hands. offe was wiping up a flood of water that covered the "Josephine!" I gasped.

"Now, this is how it happened, Miss Annie," she exclaimed, eagerly. "I was just a-practising with my roller skates, and that ar tipply water pail knocked off. I'm a-mopping it all up nice," she continued, hopefully; "and I reckon a mop would be a good thing to learn to skate with. It 'pears to sort o' steady you. But, Miss Annie," she said, appealingly, seeing me about to speak, "I can't ever learn with these skates. Just look at them wheels!" She seated herself and held up both feet for my inspection. "What I need is a pair of linktum-vity skates," she explained.

"Linktum-vity?" said I, blankly. "Yes'm: don't you know? Hardwood wheels. My! but they're awful nice!" "Josephine, you would better take off the skates now and put on your overshoes, while you mop up the floor," I

replied with apparent irrelevance. "And now, Josephine," I continued, more encouragingly, as her deft fingers undid the straps, "if you will try as hard as you can to be a good girl for a month, I will ask Mr. Ashland to give you a pair of lignumvitae rollers; only you must practise in the barn." "Cracky! won't I try!" she exclaimed, her eyes dancing. "But Miss Tilda reflectively.

"Yes, she air," was my inward rejoinder as I left the kitchen and went up stairs to see if John was doing his duty as host. I expected to find "the den" empty, and planned to rest there a little while myself, in fact. But there was John, stretched out in his steamer chair, smoking serenely.

"Why, John Ashland, what a shirk you are! Why don't you go down and entertain your company you invited?" "Now, Annie, just go gently," he re-sponded leisurely. "I did go down. But I had on my slippers, and the door was ajar, and I saw that I should be a superfluity, so I retreated."
"Nonsense," said I, sceptically. The

news was too good to be incautiously

"Nonsense yourself. You can go down and peek if you don't believe "John I am ashamed of you!" said

believed.

I. beginning to put things to rights in "Now, Annie, don't muss things up." "Muss them up, indeed," said I. making my escape with a handful of

papers, as he started up to prevent Dr. Miles' Remedies." further desecration. When I went down to the kitchen to see whether Josephine had finished her mopping, the floor was comparatively dry. Josephine stood at the

sink wringing out the mop. "Air that Durfey man gone yet?" she demanded sitting down, and beginning to take off her clumsy over-

"Anna," the heavy voice was close behind us. We both started like guilty children. "I request that you will not allow your servant to speak in that way of my future husband." "Land o' massy, Miss Tilda, what'll you think of next!" gasped Josephine, the "gum shoe" slipping from her

nerveless fingers. "It is scarcely necessary for me to answer that question," said Aunt Tilda passing from the room with dignified

But what she did "think of next" was to be married to Deacon Durfey in less than a month. So peace settled down upon our household. Her departure seemed to have a good effect, not only on Josephine, but on her mistress as well. We both grew more womanly.

Josephine won her skates, and even as I write these last words there floats in at the window, mingling with the scent of apple blossoms and the hum of bees, a distant rumble of the "lingtumvity" rollers.

A Constable Lynched

Fort Smith, Ark., December 8 .- The dead body of James Murray, constable at Jennylind, a coal mining town in Sebastian county, was found Monday morning lying by the roadside. He left his home at Jennylind Sunday afternoon and went to Bonanza to arrest a "You are an angel," was my feeling miner mamed Grant McBroom, for whom he had a warrant. He captured McBroom without trouble and started with the prisoner for Jennylind about midnight. That was the last seen of Murray alive. The constable's body his clean-shaven upper lip drawn in was found lying by the roadside next tiny wrinkles over full upper teeth. morning about thirty yards from the shaft of the Bonaza mine. His hands upper lip completed the goat likeness. were tied securely behind his body and his neck was black and blue showing a dozen bullet wounds in the officer's "Surely, we needn't both waste the body and his clothing was torn into tions of the cuticle showed unmistakably in what manner the constable had met his death. The coroner began an investigation and it has been fully dethe roadside. McBroom was arrested "Miss Ashland," said he, "we were today. Every effort is now being bent

Robbed the Grave

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite-gradually growing weaker and weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle, at R. R. Bellamy's drug store.

Pritchard and Skinner at Outs A Washington City special to The Charlott Observer says:

Senator Pritchard and Representative Skinner reached the parting of the ways today over the appointment of a collector of the eastern district. Mr. Skinner insisted upon Mr. Cobb's appointment. His rejection, he said, meant a democratic congressman from the First district and a democratic legislature next year. All offers of compromise were rejected by Cobb. He declined the offer of bank examiner and also an offer to alternate with Duncan in the tenure of the office. The outcome of the conference tomorrow will be the appointment of Duncan as collector, and that will be followed, it is said, by the appointment of Chas. A. Cook as district atorney. Colonel Skinner left for home tonight and the rejection of his ultimatum by Senator Pritchard will lead, it is confidently stated, to his renunciation of co-operation and his re-allegiance to the democratic party.

Suicide of a Baltimore Merchant

Baltimore, December 9-Granville Loud, senior member of the firm of Loud, Claridge & Co., shipchandlers, 119 South Gay street, this city, committed suicide this morning by shooting himself through the head. Business anxieties are assigned as the cause. Mr. Loud was about 60 years of age, had been in business in Baltimore for forty-five years and leaves a widow and two children.

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DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Renator M. Laurin Sick Washington, December 8.-Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, is con-fined to his bed with an attack of typhoid fever. The senator was alling when he arrived here a week ago, but the typhoid attack did not develop until a day or so ago. He is in the care of Dr. Wellington, assisted by a trained nurse. No apprehension is felt over the attack, as it is not of a violent character and the senator has a rugged constitution.

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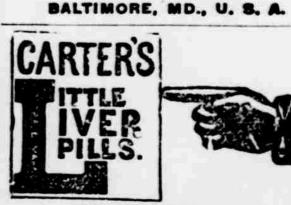
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